

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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UNITY.

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NOTES.

At last, after many annoyances and much delay, we are once more settled. The Channing Club Room, through the generosity of the Chicago men and women, affords us a large, airy and light work-room with ample accommodation for the reception of our friends. We feel very comfortable and almost elegant. Come and see us.

There are no ecclesiastical gates upon "Our Unity Pulpit." We recognize him and her as ordained preachers who have something to say for the advancement of mind and morals, and who know how to say it. Under this canon we are glad to welcome into our pulpit in this issue, the stirring words of a man of affairs. Franklin H. Head is one of Chicago's successful business men, and is one of the early founders of the house that now serves UNITY in the gracious rolls of publishers. We wish our friend Head could be induced to preach in UNITY columns oftener.

Eighteen subscribers and a half is the result of one young woman's week's work for UNITY in one

of our western parishes. Are there not other young women in other parishes, who, for the sake of the cause we have at heart, can be induced to give us one week's time. Friends, if you but knew how much strength and encouragement would come with three hundred subscribers, you would each one of you lend a hand to do the easy thing. May we call your attention to the notice of our business agent in our announcement column.

The *Christian Life* calls attention to what is indeed "a noteworthy fact" in the following words:

Bishop Colenso's honest avowal of his heretical opinions was due to the perusal of Blanco White's biography. At the time when the book fell into the Bishop's hands, he had resolved to follow the old Broad-Church policy, and hold his views in silence. But Blanco White's heroic fidelity taught him a better lesson. Thus the apparently wasted life of the Spanish ex-priest served ultimately to bring about a revolution of received opinions in the Anglican Church.

This work, we fear, is out of print, but it ought not to be. Added to the charm of spirituality to be found in the story of a tender soul, one who

"Spite the wrongs that lacerate,
His weary soul did never learn to hate."

there is in it that martial spirit that is needed to stir ten thousand other men, as it did the honored and the lamented Colenso, with the courage of their best opinions. We know of a score of so-called "liberal men in orthodox pulpits" within two hundred miles of Chicago, that we would like to present a copy to.

Now that Bishop Colenso's eventful life has closed, it may be well to be reminded of the points upon which, many years ago, he was arraigned for heresy, and we believe found guilty. But on account of some technical point of jurisdiction he was allowed to remain, as an exchange puts it, "A Unitarian Bishop in the Church of England."

1. He denied the popular doctrine of the Atonement. 2. He differed from the church on the doctrine of Justification by Faith. 3. He denied that any special grace was conveyed by Baptism or the Lord's Supper. 4. He repudiated the doctrine of Endless Punishment. 5, 6, 7, were points of heresy concerning Bible and Inspiration. 8. He disbelieved that Jesus Christ was both God and Man. 9. He impugned the accuracy of the Prayer Book. Coupled

with these heresies, let it be remembered, that he was indeed the tender missionary, the friend of the Zulus, one who stood up for the rights of Zululand in opposition to the Christian (!) invasions of his own countrymen.

Most of the UNITY team are off playing once more. Messrs. Batchelor and Utter closed their pulpits on the 8th inst. until the first Sunday in September. They are now recreating in Chicago, a city that is becoming more and more a popular summer resort. Mr. Blake and his family will spend the summer among the Lake attractions of La Porte, and he will meanwhile feed the shepherdless flock on Sunday morning. Mr. Gannett *en route* for the East, lit up our sanctum for a few hours. Mr. Sunderland, as is his wont, will spend most of his vacation in studying at home. We hope Simmons can keep cool in Minnesota. Learned is lost now in the New Hampshire hills. C. W. Wendte will be busy doing what he can towards saving the perishing upper classes at Newport during "The Season;" while it is intimated that our friend Hosmer is to be "Rocked in the cradle of the deep." We would like to be near to soothe and comfort him, but as it is, the pacific editor will be found here or hereabouts, all the while wishing his warrior associates that renewal and rest that will enable them to resume their armor in September, in a condition to do better service than ever before, in the endless battle against error, and for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

'Tis strange that those who are so fearful of the effects of scientific thought and modern philosophy upon society, should be so under the domination of abstract thought and the theological method, as to be blind to the obvious beauty and dignity of the lives of those whose works they so much dread. To such we heartily commend the following admirable paragraph from a sermon by George A. Thayer of Cincinnati upon the "Effect of Modern Critical Thought upon Religion:

The eminent workers in science and religious philosophy are predominantly men of character, and of high aims in their every day relations; men whose standards of conduct as applied in their private affairs and in social relations are at least as lofty as those of any other class of men. Often men of austere living, "who scorn delights and live laborious days," invariably men of untiring patience, willing to undergo great risks and privations to obtain what seem to others insignificant details of knowledge, and brooding for years over their painful accumulations that they may determine their exact place in the great realm of nature's order; men to whom nothing is repulsive in the way of a material fact (although it may be most offensive to the untutored senses of smell and taste); to whom nothing is impossible which lies in the line of their work,—this is the sort of men, of whom here are thousands in both continents, searching field and air and sea,

on long voyages to the poles and the tropics, in the foul smells of laboratories, in the noisome places where death and decay dwell, all to satisfy their insatiate minds which will know how this universe is put together, and to fit themselves for honorable recognition in the great brotherhood of learning. And these are the sort of men who shock so many of the long-standing convictions of Christendom. Surely, he who believes that the moral and intellectual graces of the human soul are the likeliest thing to God on earth can hardly persuade himself that such high-minded and admirable examples of manhood are really man-haters, who are being used by the Most High as destroyers of things sacred and scourges of the race. That would not only be contrary to all the precedents but it would be a sort of treachery on the part of the Infinite.

The *Living Church*, our Chicago organ for the Episcopal Church, of the 7th inst. contains a characteristic editorial on our friend Barrows' book, "The Doom of the Majority." It seems to resent the practice of Mr. Barrows, Prof. Swing and others, of saying "The Church," when they really mean the "Evangelical Denominations" or Calvinism. This editor, seated in the high citadel of "The Church," looks down upon these disputants, and says:

Let them fight their own battle. It is nothing to us. If, however, it be asked, "Does the Church, does Christianity, teach the doom of the majority?" we answer most emphatically that it certainly does not. What does the Catholic Church teach as to the doom of the majority? Nothing whatever. Absolutely nothing. The Creed of Christendom, the Christian Faith, says nothing about the "majority" or the minority either. It simply declares certain facts—"I believe in God, the Father Almighty," etc. It says nothing as to the condition of Pagans alive or dead. It says nothing about the doom of the majority. Not in the Creeds nor anywhere else has the Church made any pronouncements as to Pagan peoples, alive or dead. Nor is there one single verse or text, one single saying of our Lord or of His Apostles, that asserts or implies that the Pagan millions are "pouring into hell." Furthermore, Mr. Barrows, of the *Christian Register*, and Prof. Swing as well, must be aware of the fact that the Church does not and never did teach anything of the sort.

We wait to hear from Mr. Barrows. But we cannot but remember something about an Athanasian creed which was not written by John Calvin or the "Evangelical Denominations." And are there not some hard texts in the New Testament, some terrific threats about sheep and wolves, outer darkness, weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth? Indeed, does not the editor of the *Living Church* remember that Calvinism itself is pre-eminently a textual system? It is an honest attempt to build on the "Sayings of our Lord and his Apostles." Furthermore is not it rather to the discredit of "The Church" "that it says nothing about the doom of the majority?" Is it not time that it should begin to say no to this horrid theological nightmare. When Dr. Holland, a few years ago, did say something about it in his pulpit in St. Louis, and denied it, there was danger of trouble in the Episcopal camp. When Canon Farrar manfully says something about it, and emphasizes the Eternal Hope, to outsiders at least, he becomes an honorable and conspicuous exception to the rule. We think it time that all

worthy representatives of a truly living church, should have something to say about the doom of the majority.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

An article* which should be of great interest to American Unitarians, and of which we have already made brief mention in these columns, appeared some weeks since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author, Count Goblet d'Alviella, is a member of the Chamber of Representatives for Belgium. There is in his article no circumstantial evidence to show that he has ever visited this country, or has ever come into personal relations with the leaders of American free thought with whom he has to deal in the course of his paper. This fact makes all the more striking the strong grasp of his subject which is displayed throughout the article.

The treatment is historical rather than critical—in fact the history is so colorless that it is difficult to discover the writer's point of view, though a phrase here and there seems to indicate that he is attached to the "left wing." We quote a few sentences to give a slight idea of the style of his narrative:

Even at the end of the [18th] century, while other sects of recent origin,—Universalists and "Christians," had openly renounced the dogma of the Trinity, the advanced Calvinists still disclaimed the name of Unitarians, maintaining the necessity of remaining in ambiguity on all such doctrinal points as predestination, eternal punishment, the divinity of the Christ,—where the Bible did not express itself in clear and formal terms. "Only the expressions of the Bible can fitly state the mysteries of the Bible," was the reply which they always returned to their opponents when called on to define their beliefs. Thus, by a strange inversion of roles, it was the rationalists who wished to hold closely to the letter of revelation, while the orthodox clamored for the right of searching out its meaning and developing its conclusions.

We pass to the brief sentence in which the author characterizes Unitarianism as it appears a few years later, under the leadership of Channing:

The Unitarian reform represented a two-fold attempt; first, to give Christianity a form which should be more humane, more rational, more at one with the needs of the century; second, to substitute, in the formation of churches, a sympathy in religious feeling in place of the identity of dogmatic beliefs.

Regarding the present state of Unitarian work in the country, we quote the following:

Although New England is still the head-quarters of Unitarianism, it has not maintained itself there in proportion to the increase of population. Even in Boston, though there are some thirty congregations, scarcely any impression has been made upon the lower classes where the predominance of Irish immigrants has greatly increased the strength of Catholicism, and in the upper classes the progress of Unitarianism is disputed by the Episcopal church, whose ritual is becoming more and more the fashionable worship of the United States.

* * * * *

Happily for Unitarianism, it has found a fertile field in the States of

the interior, where it answers at once to the double call for intellectual liberty and religious culture.

The writer then goes on to speak of Unity in terms so complimentary that our well-known modesty forbids us to quote.

The article as a whole is well worth study, and we regret that our limited space forbids our offering our readers a full translation. This has already been supplied, however, by the *Index of Boston*. We have not its version before us at present writing, but from a cursory glance at the time of its publication we should say that it is a faithful rendering of the original.

We are under obligations to the author for kindly bringing his paper to our notice, as also for his appreciative words of the Liberal work in America; and we shall await with interest his forthcoming work on Comparative Religions, which has been already mentioned in these columns.

NINE YEARS IN A BOSTON PULPIT.

Mr. Savage, on the ninth anniversary of his first appearance in a Boston pulpit, indulged in some reminiscences and reflections of a personal and professional character. Some of them have interest and value to others than members of the Church of the Unity of Boston to whom they were addressed. After indulging in some justifiable self-congratulatory words, in which perhaps he dwells too complacently upon the fact that finances have been easy in that church, he speaks with justifiable pride of the freedom of his pulpit. But we think he must have spoken with haste the following words concerning the uniqueness of his own position:

And, in one sense at least, my doctrine has been new. So far as I know, I am the first minister, in either America or Europe, not who has acknowledged the truth of evolution, but who has not only frankly and publicly accepted it, but has made it the basis of his regular pulpit teachings, and who has attempted something like a reconstruction of theology in consistency with it.

We can readily give to Mr. Savage the names of at least a dozen ministers, who to our personal knowledge labored to do just this thing, not only before Mr. Savage was heard in Boston, but while he was yet the favored and popular minister in the orthodox church. Perhaps these ministers did it with less ability, certainly with less popular power, but not, we think, with any less frankness. Concerning the much-harped-upon long sermon which seems to be the one terror of the modern church-goer, Mr. Savage speaks some eminently sensible words, some of which we give below and commend to our readers:

It is said that a noted judge, being asked how long a sermon ought to

*LE RATIONALISME RELIGIEUX AUX ETATS UNIS. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1er Avril, 1883.

be, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy." This is witty. But it is my conviction that, if people do not want to hear a minister more than twenty minutes, that minister is not worth hearing at all. Either he has precious little to say, or he has a very poor way of saying it: or, once more, the audience has a very shallow capacity for reception. A sensible minister speaks once a week on the greatest of all themes, and he is expected to put what he has to say into the compass of a newspaper paragraph! If he knows his work and is fit for it, he undertakes to treat some great question touching thought, belief, conduct, and destiny. And it is simply thoughtless nonsense to say that any man can often do this adequately within the limits of twenty minutes. If a man preaches so poorly that the less you hear of him the better, then do not stop at twenty, but say five minutes or none at all. But, if you believe him competent to say anything and you wish to hear him, then trust him to know when he has said what he regards as needed to complete a proper treatment of his theme. * * * If one can sit three hours at a theater or concert, but finds himself bored by an hour and a half in church, it simply means that he does not care for the church. The reason of this may be the stupidity or lack of intelligence of the minister: or, on the other hand, it may be the stupidity or lack of intelligence or lack of religious interest of the hearer. A good musician may be bored at a poor concert; but it is equally true that a poor musician may be bored at a good concert.

It seems that the church-going dead-beat, the man who is willing to enjoy many of the privileges of the church, who delights in the social amenities of such an organization in the community, without feeling called upon to share any of the financial burdens of the same, is not so peculiarly a Western institution, as some of our New England men out West would have us believe. For it seems that there are in Boston itself those who need the following excellent advice from Mr. Savage. Unlike the almanac this is good for any latitude:

There are two little things touching our prosperity that I wish to hint as delicately as I can. Please bear in mind that I am not speaking of those whose financial necessities require them to economize in all possible ways, but rather of those who do not economize either in dress, in travel, or in amusement. There are some of these—so I am told: I have not asked their names—who take seats only for a part of the year, while the church is open, forgetting apparently that some one has to carry the load for all the twelve months, vacation and all. Their right to do this is not questioned. It is only suggested that, perhaps if they thought of it a little, they would wish to assume their share of the burden on the carrying of which the prosperity of the society depends.

For a church is not a money-making organization, in which one is to invest for the sake of the percentages, as in stocks and bonds. It is rather an association of men and women willing to contribute and labor for certain religious and moral ends. And the principle of it ought to be (so far as possible) equal burdens for equal ability.

Then there is a class of hearers which, it seems to me, cannot possibly have considered the question of honor as related to church attendance. Those not able to pay, strangers, and visitors, have always been most heartily welcomed, and given as good seats as possible in this church. There are no pauper pews in which such friends are put. But there are a few, as able to pay as any owner of pews, who attend regularly, either in this church or in others, and seem never to think that they are in constant receipt of gratuities for which somebody has to pay. They would feel insulted if some one offered them a quarter, as though they needed it; and yet they will take what costs somebody a quarter every Sunday in the year, and feel no sense of humiliation. It can only be because they do not think. I would as soon get my living at "free lunch" counters by the month as to take my religion in that way.

Those who think that the minister's position today is an easy one, and that sermon-writing is a slight labor, will do well to read this sermon. It is well for such to be reminded that great preachers

find sermon-writing laborious, and the great sermons are comparatively few. Mr. Savage tells us that a sermon by the famous Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, recently published in the *Unitarian Review*, was preached ten times to his morning audiences and four times to his afternoon. And that most of Dr. Dewey's sermons, during a seven years' settlement at New Bedford, were preached five times. There is that in this discourse to the young men and women who may be thinking of the ministry as a calling. Indeed, we wish all of our readers who are interested in the practical problems of church life and work would send six cents to Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., Boston, for the *Unity Pulpit* for June 8.

Contributed Articles.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

E. E. M.

Dear Lord, I bring to Thee
This life that from Thine own its being drew;
All I have been, all aspirations new,
All I may ever be.

I lay at Thy dear feet
My past with all its hopes and cares and needs,
Its purposes, that failed like broken reeds,
Its record incomplete.

This tangled web of mine
Wherein I find so little good or fair,
May yet, if trusted to Thy love and care,
Take on a light divine.

The weary sense of wrong
Which through the long, long night maintained its sway,
Has vanished in the light of breaking day
And left instead a song.

And "through the glass" I see
That even my mistakes, my faults and sins,
Have taught me how Thy comforting begins
And shown the way to Thee.

My Future, Lord, I bring—
May it be purified by Thy dear love,
Although the sacred baptism from above
Be one of suffering.

What harms can ever come
To us, who know Thy love can have no end?
Thou leadest us, an ever-present Friend,
Unto the light of Home.

How all these wrongs we see
Can lead to right, I do not understand,
But e'er the daylight breaks, I clasp Thy hand
And trust myself to Thee.

STORIES FROM BROWNING.—IV.

ALBERT WALKLEY.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

More wine? No? Then I'll take a final glass—when we'll push back our chairs and talk.

And so you despise me, Mr. Gigadibs—and why? Because you doubt and you believe I doubt. You wish me to do as you do, be as you are. Now, what are you? A man of thirty, without a fortune, without hope here or hereafter. You doubt our blessed religion, doubt there is a life for us hereafter, doubt there is a God; you are all doubt—head, heart and soul. And what is your reward? The riches of earth? No, these are to those who believe. Are you free to do as you please? No, for your instincts hold you back in some instances, your respect for your friends in others, and your fears—aye, your fears—in still others. Is there a heaven to come where your self-abnegation will be rewarded? No; for there is none in your creed. Your highest, will be to write articles for the magazines about the two points in Hamlet's soul the Germans have by some strange fate overlooked, or perhaps you may give the world an article about an atheistic priest or unbelieving bishop which will cause a sensation. Man, faith is power, faith kindles the fire that burns its way to the world's heart; ice makes no conflagration. You have not this faith; nor have I. We are belief and doubts, doubts and belief. You are doubt diversified by faith, I am faith diversified by doubt. We are neither of us possessed by a great and mighty faith. So far alike.

But you would have us more alike. You would have me give up my ease and pleasure, my palace and cathedral, my bishopric and lordship in the Holy Catholic Church, and for what? To join in open doubt? Come, let us see. Despise me if you will. I can smile at that; for I know, if you could you would like my bishopric. Come now, should you not? But we pass that.

True, I doubt; perchance I disbelieve. Perhaps you will say, there is the "Immaculate Conception," or the "Naples Liquefaction," or "The last winking Virgin." Do I believe? Yes; for I know the palace clock has something to do with some of these occurrences, and it is good that I believe for the sake of others. Or, as brother Newman asks, What, are the laws of Nature not to bend if the Church bids them? Does this please you? I doubt, and here is my gain. Listen. I am a man of the world; I take this world as it is, not as I wish it were. And now this world is Rome or London, it is the people of Rome or London, not some "Fools' Paradise;" idealized, embellished Rome or London. And next, here am I. And I am so constructed—and mark you I did not make myself—that I need for my happiness, mankind's respect, obedience and that love that's born of fear.

Again—but forget not I am not my own creator—there's a taste I have for the dainties of Earth; I cannot digest the world's gross things. Now how shall I get these desirable things—power, peace, pleasantness, and length of days? By proclaiming my doubts? Not so. Positive belief gives these. The world asks, Do you believe? My answer: "Friends, I absolutely and peremptorily believe!" To this add that I, a man of sense and learning, able to think and act and yet believe. It sets the world wondering: "Blougram believes and yet, and yet how can he?"

Since, as we for the present acknowledge, there is no life hereafter, I intend making the most of this. And now that the world knows I believe, it is ready to allow me to enjoy all it has for man. My grip upon it I will tighten; for once believe and we cannot be too decisive in our faith. You see my reward. I have ease—I take the world with all its content—not its cares; I have plenty—as let my dinner on this Corpus Christi Day witness; I have power—as let the women, to whom lovers kneel—but whose brooches have in them the curls cut from my fat lapdog's ear, testify, or let the Dukes testify, who petition to kiss the ring on my finger. A fool, a knave am I? If there is no life to come I can't be a knave, and I am determined not to be a fool—by letting what is good here slip. Ah! Gigadibs, this day is one of the proudest in your life—the day you dined with Disbelieving Bishop Blougram. I beat, do I not?

But I do believe. My nature wants, was made for, and must have a God. My sense of responsibility is more than your philosophers give in their analysis of our different virtues. The very fact that I doubt means that in my deepest nature I believe. I feel the serpent doubt writhe beneath my feet; it only shows my doubt is great, while my faith's the greater. But at least I might purify my faith, so you think. Here again we differ. Begin your eliminating and where's the end? First cut the Liquefaction, what comes last but Fichte's clever cut at God himself? Nay, I withhold my hand from experimentalizing with sacred things. And as I have already said, once believe and the steadfast hold on the smallest thing in our belief, on the extreme end of the chain of faith makes great difference with our power over the blind mass we wish to rule. We are their lords, or they are free of us, just as we tighten or relax that hold. I therefore believe all, though I doubt most.

But do I do right, seeing I believe in a life to come? And pray, why not? This is the life we now have, and it is for us to make the most of it. Of course each takes it in his own way, you yours, I mine.

Do you know I have often had a dream of a man's spirit losing all the comfort of the world it was in by looking forward to the world, to which it was, in its process of evolution, going? Not one world, but each successive world was thus lost. As if a traveler bound from north to south scouts fur

in Russia because he will not need it in France; spurns flannel in France because he will not need it in Spain; and in Spain he drops cloth since it is too cumbrous for Algiers; linen goes next, and last the skin itself because a superfluity in Timbuctoo. Poor fool, he never gets at ease in any place. Just so, there are spirits never at ease in the world present to them because they are half-way into the next. I am at ease in this world; are you? And to all add this, that it does my fellows good to administer to my comforts. I am a blessing to them. I do good by my belief both ways—to myself and to my fellows. I am neither knave nor fool, and yet I believe, and doubt too. And now, Gigadibs, who beats? Not you, surely?

What we need is not doubt, but faith. You doubt and yet fear that faith may be the truth. I believe and wonder at times if, after all, my doubts are not the truth. Belief and unbelief shake us by fits. You are nothing in your doubt, I am a bishop through my belief. But neither of us is anything before men of real faith. We are dwarfs in the presence of these exceptional and privileged great natures. This poet whose brain-calls and fibres tremble with divine thoughts,—this artist whose mind has brought from heaven divine ideals,—this musician whose soul is filled with heaven's melody—these are the men of faith, the sons of God, before whom we are nothing. These carry the divine fire in them; their faith gives them a touch of omnipotence. We are nothing. And yet I beat. You go write an article on "Blougram or the Eccentric Confidence"—or better—"The Outward Bound." You despise me? No?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITERATURE—II.

JOHN C. LEARNED.

The management of the modern Sunday-School Library involves the question "of a right education in reading." And Carlyle says: "all that a university can teach a man is how to read." We are to make the child and youth, as far as possible, acquainted with the "best that has been known and said in the world." This we may reasonably hope will so improve and fix the taste, that the cheap, inane and vile stuff which rages about our dwellings like a flood will find no entrance.

I. But the first thing that should enlist our attention in choosing books for children is the need they have of language. They are to acquire the knowledge and use of words. In a varied, flexible and familiar vocabulary, they have the key to all that is good in literature. Does not President Eliot of Harvard University say: "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an *essential* of education—an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue." Emerson speaking of Shakespeare declares that his chief merit is that "he, of all men, best understands the English tongue and can say what he will." The truth is we have never half realized the value, for

moral and every other purpose, of this instrument of expression. What is all this quarrel over subscription and the creeds, but a misunderstanding of the use of language? But by what means is the youngest reader exercised and led on in this use? Language is taught by appeals to the senses and to the imagination. By a series of gentle shocks these dormant powers are soon awakened, and then the hunger for words to express these states of the soul, begins. We shall find, however, that the first books in the child's hands, when he begins to read for himself, are what we class as books of imagination rather than books of observation. What are the classics of the nursery? They are books which if they have any facts at all present facts exaggerated. They are the rhymes of Mother Goose, Jack the Giant Killer, Valentine and Orson, Songs of Nonsense, Alice in Wonderland, Fairy Lore and Fables. This literature is perfectly legitimate and wholesome, and is not to be withheld. There is no class of books that will teach language so rapidly. They excite unbounded curiosity, while very soon the judgment will be called into requisition, and the sense of humor which underlies these productions and which was so lacking in the old Puritanic education will be discerned and bear its needful fruit. Nobody is likely to realize until he has thought of it, what an extensive range of subjects, and what a copious vocabulary is involved in the Grimm Stories, or Popular Tales. The child who from six to ten years of age has made itself familiar with that single collection, has something of value as a foundation for further reading, and will not be found meagre in its power to use good and pure words in its speech. Plato in his Republic recognizes the fact that fables, or a form of falsehood, are a first means of instruction for children. "Know you not (he says) that the beginning of every work is most important, especially to any one young and tender, because then that particular impression is most easily instilled and formed, which any one may wish to imprint on each individual. Entirely so. Shall we then let children hear any kind of fables composed by any kind of persons, and receive into their minds opinions in a great measure contrary to those which we think they should have when they are grown up? We should by no means allow it. First of all, then, as it seems, we must exercise control over the fable makers, and whatever beautiful fable they may invent we should select, and what is not so we should reject; and we are to prevail on nurses and mothers to repeat to their children such fables as are selected, and fashion their minds by fables much more than their bodies by their hands. But very many of those that they now tell them must be cast aside." And he especially designates for rejection those that misrepresent or do dishonor to the gods—though found in Homer and Hesiod, in Pindar and Eschylus.

The primary books that I have named but prepare the way for something higher. The facility in reading now gained, the full vocabulary will

make books of observation and those rising to more earnest themes easy. The orthodox theology of Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe will not prevent them from being enjoyed, although the boy will long for more giant in the former, and want to hurry back to the boats in the latter. Alsop, Pilpay; La Fontaine and the Arabian Nights will find their place. Then there are the hero stories from Homer and Herodotus, from the Norse and the Niebelungen and the Middle Ages, than which nothing can be better to enlarge the thought and speech and brace up all the noble faculties of the young ambitious mind. In the early period, when the gaining of correct and copious speech, is of the utmost importance, to my mind, all books containing bady talk or dialect, or any approach to slang should be carefully excluded.

II. We must not overlook, however, the needs that press upon the child that it should feel its kinship with nature. This is just as important from the standpoint of religion as from that of science. Man is related to the whole universe. He must be fed with its facts and understand its laws. Still the classes of books that address the imagination and educate the senses generally remain quite distinct. Sometimes both forms of instruction may be combined. Yet as Mr. Bain says, "Scarcely any composition lends itself equally well to teaching language and teaching knowledge."

To interest the child in nature should be a deliberate purpose in making up the Sunday School Library. And whatever books can be found that with loving, glowing interest, or beautiful illustrations, or clear and easy style set forth this theme may well be gathered in. Rambles by the forest and by the sea; adventures upon mountains, voyages on the ocean, the habits of animals and birds and insects; the structure of the rocks, the seasons of the flowers, the science of the stars, and the laws that govern the human body—all these are subjects drawing them after a train of facts that have real and important relations to human culture and human life. Fortunately our age is rich in contributions to every grade of student in the domain of nature. But nowhere is there greater need of discriminating choice. The real books and reliable must be selected from much that is false and trashy. The good books are not Jules Verne and Louis Figuer; but writers who conscientiously conform in their facts to the great masters of science, among whom we may name Humboldt, Darwin and Tyndall; Gray, Lyell and Agassiz. Prof. Gray, Charles Kingsley, George Lewes, John Burroughs, and J. E. Wood and Emerson have written books which young people should be glad to get. While Walton's Complete Angler, White's Selborne, Kane's Polar Expedition, Dana's Two Years Before the Mast, Saintine's Picciola and Mace's History of a Mouthful of Bread, may be considered somewhat in the light of classics.

III. We are not prepared to enter upon a consideration of that class of literature, which fitly crowns all in its influence upon character. It is

that which sets forth the actual human life: which shows man in his multiple relations to his fellow-man—relations of race, state, family, comrade, neighbor, friend. It is the domain of history and biography. Here the virtues and the vices of men will be clearly seen, the consequences of conduct inevitably set forth. A rich and fascinating field it is! Whatever seem to us the cardinal or primary virtues we shall carefully choose such reading for Sunday-school children as will be most effectual to inculcate them. To begin with, such books as tend to promote the self-regarding virtues: Courage, which Leslie Stevens makes the very first virtue, though Mr. Calderwood implies that *industry* is the fundamental one; then there come *temperance* and *patience* or perseverance. Then there will be books and lives to exemplify and inspire to the practice of the altruistic virtues: such as *good will*, *truthfulness*, *justice* and *patriotism*.

Many of these qualities will be richly illustrated in the half-fictitious hero-stories that have already been mentioned; and in the ballads and songs of all ages, of which the Percy Ballads, and certain poems of Scott and Tennyson may afford examples. Then we must not forget Plutarch's Lives, and Froissart's Chronicles told by Sidney Lanier; and the history of all national struggles for light and freedom and human rights bring to notice men of mark and character. The lives of such men as Pericles, Caesar, Alfred, Luther, Wm. Tell, Columbus, Capt. John Smith, Washington, Franklin, Daniel Boone, Fulton, Stephenson, John Howard, Edwards, the naturalist Audubon; of such women as Joan of Arc, of Elizabeth Carter, of Mme. DeStael, of Grace Darling, of Mary Somerville, of Mrs. Fry, of Lydia Maria Child have something needed strong, and wholesome to teach to every boy and girl.

Romance has its place here too, as well as history. Not only the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" by Parkman, but the "Last of the Mohicans" by Cooper should be on the shelves. Hawthorne will have a niche reserved for him, and Scott and Dickens may contribute liberally of their stories. There is no doubt about a book like Uncle Tom's Cabin. And if it is a little premature to rank Miss Alcott's books among the classics, yet there is little doubt that the Old-Fashioned Girl and Little Women, as well as Mrs. Whitney's Faith Gartney's Girlhood, and Boys of Chequassett, will be found in the collection. There is always want of books that earnestly and helpfully depict the home and school life where that unselfishness and sense of honor, and real heroism begin, if they begin at all, which are so much needed in maturer life. Such books as John Halifax, the Crofton Boys, Tom Brown, and Miss Edgeworth's tales are specimens of this class.

Now, while I have by no means traversed the field, I have perhaps said enough, and by these somewhat random examples, have set forth in a general way my idea of what our Sunday-school Library should be, and what sort of books are to be looked for in the library. Simply, they are to be

the *best of their kind*, and thus to lead to the desire for the best there are. Only the best—as may be found out and so judged by the best qualified persons in any church to decide that question. Don't be afraid of the world's classics—they survive in ever-repeated editions, as the result of the world's judgment. Just as many of them as are within the comprehension of children and youth, put into the Sunday-school Library. They are tonic and strengthening, both mentally and morally. You will very likely be surprised to learn how small a boy or girl will, with a little help in starting, be charmed with the ancient epics and allegories. For the most part keep out the new books. Even so good periodicals as the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* contain a great deal of relatively poor reading—cheap and unprofitable padding that will never see the light of day again. Of course there is a demand for it. I only insist that the standard of the Sunday-school Library should be too high to create any considerable demand for such reading *there*. Life is too short, the burden of earnestness laid upon it is too great, to waste time with fourth or fifth rate or nearly nameless books while first-rate ones must be neglected or are kept out of reach. As the years rush so swiftly by, reminding us too forcibly how soon *all* we can do will be over, I grow avaricious of time. I look with less and less patience upon any plan that gives our children weak and useless books. I wish some one could have said to me, when a mere boy, what I have been trying to say to you, and offered to me a guiding hand. I should have saved wasted years. I should have made myself acquainted with noble literatures of which I am now comparatively ignorant. I should have known great works of genius thoroughly, that I now only know by snatches or at second-hand. Soon, too soon, the work of life came pressing on. And the mental power and vigor which I to-day need to enforce my thought and make you converts to what seems to me so rational a conception of what we ought to do for our children, if it is insufficient, is attributable to that loss of time and opportunity against which I would warn every child.

Our Unity Pulpit.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF HAMILTON COLLEGE BY HON. FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

As in our time much discussion is taking place of the proper methods of education, and of the value at all of the college curriculum, what remarks I shall offer this evening will be upon the desirability of a liberal education, especially to the man of affairs, and, if this be established, upon what should be considered a *liberal* education. There is a widely spread opinion among thinking men, especially perhaps in industrial and business life, but among men of letters as well, that the usual college course

of study, with its close adhesion to text books and its little study of nature face to face, is impractical and apart from the life of the world; is in many respects as valueless as the doubtings and ponderings of the school men over the subtle scholasticisms of the days of Abelard.

Carlyle says, "education is beyond so much as being despised we must praise it when it is not d-education, or an utter annihilation of what it professes to foster. The best educated man you will often find to be the artisan or at all rates the man of business. For why? He has put forth his hand and operated on nature; must actually attain some insight or he cannot live. Your scholar proper, your so-called man of letters, is a thing with clearer vision through the hundredth part of an eye. A Burns is infinitely better educated than a Byron."

Emerson says, "one of the benefits of a college education is to show the boy its little avail." And again he says, "we are students of words; we are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years and come out at last with a bag of wind: a memory of words, and do not know a thing. We can not use our hands or our legs or our eyes or our arms. We can not tell our course by the stars nor the hour of the day by the sun." And in the same discourse, referring to the study of the ancient languages, he says, "four or six or ten years the pupil is parsing Greek and Latin, and as soon as he leaves the university—as it is ludicrously styled—he shuts these books for the last time. Some thousands of our young men are graduated at our colleges in this country every year, and the persons who at forty years still read Greek can all be counted on your hand. I never met ten. Is not this absurd, that the whole liberal talent of this country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing? Centuries ago Latin and Greek had a strict relation to all the science and culture there was in Europe; by a wonderful drowsiness of usage they became stereotyped as education."

Bastiat talks of the "stranded graduates."

Thackeray said he had no brains above his eyes.

Wm. Morris Hunt in his "Talks on Art" says, "if you have something to say, say it; if not, go to college and you will get grammar and dictionary to hide the fact that you don't know anything." Some one asked him "is there any good book about drawing oxen?" No said Hunt, "there isn't any good book but out-of-doors." He refused to lecture at the Yale school of fine arts, because his time was all taken up trying to learn how to paint; and said he, "as I could get no information from books and lectures I don't believe I could give any."

Margaret Fuller says in substance that the college graduate is, until he has forgotten his training, and learned anew by practical experience and the mingling with men, a poor citizen, whose knowledge and modes of thought are all of dead and buried Greek empires, and not of the world of to-day. And Herbert Spencer in his most popular work

arraigns boldly all of what is known as the higher education, as an almost utter waste of time. These sundry statements and many others which might be quoted from the writings of scholars, can not be without some foundation.

What is the matter with our colleges? Why does not their clientele increase ratably with the nation's growth in wealth and population?

Within the past fifty years the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, the telephone and kindred inventions, and the myriad applications thereof, have revolutionized all modes of work. Transactions which used to occupy weeks, occupy minutes, and competition in all trades and professions has reached a pitch previously unknown and impossible. One result of this intense activity is to make all men specialists. There seems so much to do and to know in every business or profession that no one can master it all and use it with the dispatch necessary for the usages of the life of to-day, and so he learns and practices over and over some one thing. In our large cities, the centers of the world's life and work, in the legal profession, you will find real estate lawyers, commercial lawyers, chancery lawyers, railroad lawyers, maritime lawyers, with but few men of broad and comprehensive learning, and those largely of a generation presently to pass from the stage.

You shall find the leading physicians are men who treat specially diseases of the lungs, or of the throat, or of the heart, or of the eye, men of learning in one special field. And the same is true in the more common walks of life. When in college here I recollect I used sometimes to look in at a little shop where three or four men were making farm wagons. Each man took his materials, formed and put them together and made his dozen or two wagons in the year. Recently in the great factory of a friend who makes one or two thousand farm wagons each month, in reply to my question, he informed me that probably no one among his hundreds of mechanics could make a complete wagon. One man makes hubs with surpassing skill, another sawed felloes; another, year after year welded tires or painted red stripes on the axle, or japanned with black the heads of bolts.

And so in commercial life, while the small country merchant may still deal in all created things, business of magnitude is in special lines.

The result of this intense study of a limited field is to make men of one idea; men with one set of faculties or muscles abnormally developed; one-sided and not many-sided men. In many ways this is disadvantageous to the man and to his fellows. The lawyer who simply knows corporation law, when promoted to the bench must be educated for his new duties at great expense to suitors and to the State. The country parson who has won local honors from his exposition of the doctrines, entering a wider field, learns that man lives not by predestination alone. The manufacturer, who, boring a thousand holes in a day in an iron plate, when others

bored but five hundred, has thereby risen to wealth and perhaps the management of a great corporation, finds himself a child in the presence of complex questions of finance, of supply or demand, or the seeming conflicts of capital and labor. At the same time, the world is immeasurably better for the causes which lead to certain of these disadvantageous results: as Tennyson phrases it,

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

This minute and ever widening division of labor, whereby every man, whether in literature or mechanics, does that for which he has special fitness, has led to the vast multiplication of the joys of life, has brought the treasures of the world's literature to the houses of all, has filled the homes of the laborer, the mechanic and the farmer with comforts and luxuries which no wealth could command a century ago. It is the fittest condition for humanity and must therefore survive. All the more, however, is there the necessity for men of broad and comprehensive views, and to make such men should be the work of our colleges.

The general idea of training men for special work has led many people to advocate schools for the young where the boy from childhood almost is to be trained with reference to his life work, and many such technical schools are now being put in operation. This, however, seems to me a sad mistake. The youth who is nursed upon Blackstone, who absorbs Kent and Parsons during his adolescence and who can digest Dwight on charitable uses as he is learning to shave, but who is without broad and comprehensive training in language, literature and philosophy, will not make the Hale or Marshall of the coming years. The whole tendency of a professional or business life is to produce a merely practical and narrow outlook: to make men regard everything in the earth and heaven alike from the standpoint of personal interest and profit: "to give man a pinhole view of the universe;" and unless in their plastic days, before beginning the battle of life, our young men receive something of a broad and liberal training, it is rarely acquired later.

Men of large and generous culture are what the world most needs from our colleges to-day; a culture which broadens and lifts them from their little circle to an interest in all knowledge without regard to profit; men broad enough to see that the general good is their own greatest good; and on such men their special training in life can afterward be grafted with advantage and profit.

For such men, never was so great a field white for the harvest. Our land is full of crudities in politics, in science and in affairs. Because of this, the nation breathes freer when Congress at last adjourns. Because of this narrowness of vision, every species of wild and crazy delusion has its advocates and few to answer them. We need everywhere educated men of affairs, who can see in panicky times, and at all times, that labor and capital are never antagonistic, but each indispensable to

the other and of necessity allied workers for the common good; men whom science has taught that something never can come from nothing, and that therefore all attempts to create wealth which is the surplus of labor, by currency inflations or tamperings, or legislative changes of values, or impairings or repudiations of contracts, are necessarily and always evil; men whose broad and varied learning shall reveal to them the shifting tides and currents of the great law of demand and supply which lies at the foundation of all commerce; a knowledge of which guides to individual and national progress and wealth; an ignorance of which, alas, too common, leads to over-production, to panics, to needless strikes, to communistic riots and ravings, to sorrow, poverty and crime.

Educated men of business by their influence upon their associates and subordinates should be the strongest bulwark of society against social heresies, and should aid in that dissemination of intelligence among the masses which in a republic is the sole condition precedent of political security. To supply this want, to give us this class of liberally educated and trained men is the true mission of our colleges and universities. After young men have left school and engaged in some business or profession, they rarely find time for studying outside their special field, unless a taste for general literature and science has been formed in their training days.

Our educational institutions are conservative and wisely so, since changes in established usages should be made only upon due consideration. But such conservatism should not be carried to the extreme of a non-recognition of the fact that the world moves; and as one deeply interested in the welfare of our Alma Mater, I would gladly make some suggestions, the result of experience and of observation of the general public sentiment as to what should be to-day considered a liberal education.

It is a national misfortune that far too small a proportion of our successful business men are men of generous culture. The idea which hundreds of years ago inspired the founding of institutions of learning, was to educate the clergy; afterward, as learning became more general, to educate the clergy and lawyers, and this idea is far too prominent in all our colleges to-day. I would be far from decrying the importance of the clerical and legal professions, but men and women have bodies as well as souls and need houses and clothing and transportation as well as demurrers and contingent remainders.

The members of the legal profession from their knowledge of law and law-making are much in public life, and a considerable proportion of our legislators, State and federal, is drawn from their ranks. In such legislatures for the same reason they are largely entrusted with the drafting and shaping of our laws. In this manner a considerable proportion—possibly five per cent.—of our legal brethren find at times an honorable and reasonably remunerative employment. The other ninety-five per cent., in their offices, in court rooms and upon

the bench, with sweat and mental agony and toil, busy themselves in endeavoring to guess the meaning and application of the laws thus formulated. Abundant guesses are made on every possible side of every possible question. The opposing counsel explain the reason of their guesses to the injury. The jury thereupon make their guess. The circuit judge delivers his conjecture. The superior judges examine his reasons and guess again, and the court of last resort promulgates its final guess. Final at least until their successors, with added light, guess otherwise. Long before this, however, the law has usually been repealed and a new one enacted and sent forth on its career as a conundrum.

The rows of stately tomes in the theological libraries bespeak the long continued industry of our clerical brethren. In these volumes are discussed both sides of all doctrinal questions for hundreds or even thousands of years, without positive conclusions being reached on any single doctrine. The opposing hosts are still marshalled as at the dawn of history. Neither party knows or has proof of any of the points in dispute. Each is discussing questions, the solution of which transcends and ever must transcend the bounds of human knowledge.

Without denying in any way the value of a training which shall fit one thus to guess at legal or theological queries, we must concede that this is not the whole of the world's work which is to be done. Those who should form by far the larger part of our college students should be those contemplating a life of active business, of labor in the paths of literature, of commerce or affairs. Many men of intelligence and judgment, feeling that much of the time spent in the usual college course could be more profitably spent otherwise, are sending their sons to special and technical schools rather than to our colleges. This is a misfortune. There should be no divorce between our higher institutions of learning and the whole people. Should this come, the colleges become simply another class of special schools: Greek and Latin schools. Great advances in every department of human knowledge have been made since the college curriculum was established, and if the courses of study be not broadened to suit the changing times, if they be not hospitable to new truths, the colleges will cease to stand where they should stand, at the very van of the world's progress and in the center of its intensest intellectual life. When the course of study which is still largely followed in our colleges was established, it was, too, in a great measure, an epitome of the world's knowledge, and as the zeal for learning which caused the founding of educational institutions was largely based on an awakened interest in the classical writers, study of the ancient languages seemed the great necessity to those who had not learned that the modern tongues were capable of meeting the requirements of scholars. As a legacy, perhaps from the schoolmen, the dry grammars and dictionaries of a language were studied rather than its literature. Now, the world's acquirements in

the various fields of knowledge are far too great for a four years' course of study, and the problem should be to select a course which will the most generally meet the needs of an intelligent citizen of the great republic, and to make from time to time such modifications of the established training as will fit a student for the conditions under which he must live in the world. Upon completion of this course, the students in law, theology, philology, science or affairs, can thereafter add their special training.

What should be deemed for the young man of to-day a liberal education? The first answer to this question has long been "Language and Literature." And this answer as it seems to me is clearly right. Language is the instrument and measure of all culture, and literature is of language the garnered riches and the shining crown. But what language? Most emphatically, first, our own! President Eliot, of Harvard, says, "I may avow, as the result of my reading and observation in the matter of education, that I recognize but one mental acquisition as the essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman, namely: the accurate and refined use of the mother tongue. Greek, Latin, French, German, mathematics, natural and physical science, metaphysics, history and æsthetics are all profitable and delightful, both as training and acquisitions to him who studies them with intelligence and love; but not one of them has the least claim to be called an acquisition essential to a liberal education, or an essential part of sound training."

Professor Powell tells us that in some of our Indian languages, those of the utterly degraded diggers of Utah and Nevada, the whole vocabulary consists of scarcely more than a thousand words. As the digger progresses toward a higher plane, he experiences the higher thoughts and emotions; new words must be added to his list to symbolize this growth, and by this process a language is gradually evolved. The complexity of a language, its wealth of synonyms, its variety of words for expressing delicate shades of meaning, these are perhaps as accurate measures as we have of a nation's mental stature.

Our mother tongue is the language of our daily lives, and judged by the standards named, is an admirable language for careful study and training. It is as Lowell phrases it, the happiest result of the confusion of tongues. As the mixture of various bloods has made the English-speaking nations the most vigorous of races, so has the mixture of diverse speeches given to them a language which is to-day by far the most perfect known vehicle of thought. It has absorbed into itself the riches of all the foregone tongues: the robust strength of the Latin, the adaptability of the Teutonic, the music of the Greek; and has so fused and blended all that they

"Have suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

And as this is the language in which we must

preach our sermons or argue our causes, woo our sweethearts and transact all our affairs; and because, too, it is such a miracle of strength and sweetness, its perfect mastery is the first object of a liberal education. An ability to read it with rapidity and real appreciation; to use it with elegance and accuracy; with nice distinction of meanings and refined use of synonyms, is the first and greatest of accomplishments. It is often argued that a knowledge of other languages is an aid in understanding our own, and this is true. No knowledge is amiss; but as life is too short to master more than one language, the research into other tongues should be merely incidental.

Before railroad transportation the Hudson River was the great highway by which all our products found their way to the metropolis. The commerce of the State was centered there and borne upon its swelling tides. How should the managers of this commerce be trained? They must know the river thoroughly and well; must be familiar with its whirlpools at high water, and its eddies at low; must know its shoals, its ever-shifting and variant currents, and must have this knowledge at instantaneous command. What would we think of the navigator who fitted himself for his life-work upon the river by a study of the Oriskany or Sauquoit, because they were the streams which helped make up the Hudson?

The training in our dear mother tongue, that most indispensable of trainings, should be by a study largely of its literature, the accumulated riches of the language as found in its most perfect masters and models. No person learns to speak a language with accuracy and elegance by the study of grammars and dictionaries. A child whose juvenile associations are with persons using language correctly will acquire and use the tongue with precision and ease, and with added years, if his associations are with the great writers and sages whose brightest and wisest thoughts live forever in the printed page, framed in living words "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," he will have a training the best the world can offer for the refined and graceful use of language. There are no writers in any tongue more worthy of careful study than our own, and such study and practice in the language, with its rich and finely shaded meanings, would make men more appreciative readers and readier conversers and writers. How many of our young graduates know and have reason for the faith that is in them, that Shakspeare is the one supreme poet of humanity; that in his pages are set the gold and gems of all the ages; that in our own dear mother tongue has been voiced the costliest wit, the wisest, the brightest, the most many-sided and marvelous intellect yet vouchsafed to the human race? A daily lesson in Shakspeare, a feast for the immortal gods, for three or four years; its study pursued under the loving guidance of a skillful teacher, where the student should analyze his literary methods, should study his rendering of every

emotion, and his mastery of every passion; should see in the mirror which he holds up to nature every phase of our poor, dear, frail and noble humanity before him as an open book; should see language itself become plastic in the hands of the master, and at his bidding sing soft and sweet as the harp of Æolus, or be marshalled in periods resonant and majestic as the voice of the multitudinous sea; such a course of study would be in itself a liberal education.

Coupled with the study of our own literature, which has absorbed into itself the riches of most ancient and contemporary tongues and is thus freighted with the spoils of all the centuries, should be the study of other literatures: the Greek, the Latin, the French and German. While none of the students present know it, there are printed translations of most which is of value in all other languages, and these translations, too, made by men whose linguistic attainments will approximate closely to the grandeur of even a senior's knowledge. While we used to read our Greek and Latin with touching fidelity and ease, yet in translations one can go over vastly greater areas and receive wider impressions of these literatures.

What one of the old boys present to-day, whose knowledge of Greek and Latin or German has gathered about it the mistiness of twenty-five or thirty years, does not yet remember with delight the lectures of North and Upson and Dwight upon the literatures of these alien people? The digamma may be to us a tradition. How many can now tell if it were an agricultural implement or one of the attributes of the white-armed Nausicaa? But the lectures on the women of Homer, on the Greek Drama, and the methods of Demosthenes, were living forces which will abide with us to the end. Had we spent in the study of the literatures of these nations in the academy and college one-tenth the time we spent upon their grammars, we might even now have known something about them.

I would not for a moment undervalue the priceless legacies of Greece and Rome to our modern civilization. Our indebtedness to these two nations is greater than we can measure or comprehend. In many fields their achievements yet mark the furthest limit of human endeavor. Never will the world outgrow the bard who sang,

"Of Thebes and Pelops' line,
And the tale of Troy divine."

Never less than now can Athens be the world's one city which has secure foundations: the one city which can surely

"Hold out
Against the wretched siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays."

For she will be forever the sacred city of our souls, and

"Shall live
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

But the question simply is, how best to know and inherit this great bequest. To appreciate and value

the masterpieces of Raphael, we do not spend our years in a study of the composition of his paints.

Modern science has been born since the college course of study was established. Of the vastness of its acquisitions I need scarcely speak. Outside the study of our language and literatures and next in importance to the student, should be a general survey of all scientific and philosophical knowledge, so that he can thereafter read intelligently concerning it, and keep apace with its progress. While there would not be time for a detailed knowledge of all scientific questions, a general view could be had.

Mathematics of course, the foundation of all scientific research: Chemistry, which is the key to all the secret processes of nature, and which has already brought forth into light many of her long hidden mysteries: Geology and Mineralogy, twin volumes wherein is written with much else the records of the chemical forces from the beginning of early time: Botany and Zoology, which starting from an almost common root bring forth the interminable splendors of organized life: Meteorology, the handmaid of the changing seasons in their stately march: Astronomy, teaching how from star dust to whirling nebulae, from nebulae to suns and suns to planets, is still repeated the story, old, yet ever new, how in the fullness of time and by methods yet before our eyes, the heavens and the earth were made.

"The harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away."

To a general survey of physical sciences, should be added a study of metaphysical and religious history, and in our higher institutions of learning, the training in these fields should be emphatically a liberal one. It should not aim to make young men disciples of any one school of philosophy, or of any religious sect or denomination, but to give them a general knowledge of the thoughts and studies of different generations and peoples in the science of mind and mental problems. And beyond this should come a history of the studies and strivings of the race in those fields which transcend positive human knowledge. Not merely the origins, the rise and growth of our own Christianity, but a general knowledge of the sacred ethical books of other races: the teachings of Confucius, Mohammed, Gautama. Such studies broaden and ennoble men. They illustrate the gradual growth of all systems of morals by the addition and conservation through countless generations of new truths which the world will not suffer to perish. They illustrate that ever as now,

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.
* * * * *

"The word by seers or Sybils told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
* * * * *

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost."

Such studies, illustrating how the same sentiments of justice, mercy and trust underlie all the great historic faiths, while making to us still dearer the gracious truths which came from Nazareth, yet inculcate as nothing else a wider and kinder charity for all, and bring home to our daily lives the truth that God made of one blood all the nations of men.

"In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man.
* * * * *

"The prophets of the elder day
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
Which hovered o'er the Master's head."

The progress of knowledge has ever been from special to general. Certain seemingly isolated truths or laws are discovered, and when thus through perhaps hundreds of years a sufficient number of data have been collected, come some great generalizing minds and group these seemingly diverse facts into a system, and show anew the relationships of all knowledge, the interdependence of all truths. We have lived in one of these epochs. We have for contemporaries, men who in a vaster sense than Bacon have taken all knowledge for their province; who in a single generation have well nigh seen the doctrine of evolution pass from a theory to a science. While the claims of its most sanguine advocates can not be accepted as proved, while the chain of evidence has yet many missing links, it would still seem as if enough had been positively demonstrated to show that this is the method of nature. At least this doctrine is the center around which revolves the thought and mental activity of to-day, and no young man should go forth from our higher institutions of learning without a thorough knowledge of its claims and this doctrine the work of all specialists seems to possibilities. He should see how to the support of contribute: how comparative philology and comparative theology alike illustrate the survival of the words and doctrines best adapted for the happiness of the race: how botany and zoology everywhere illustrate the effort of all forms of life to adapt themselves to their surroundings; and in the wider fields of biology and sociology to learn that in the organization of life, as in the growth of nations and societies, are seen everywhere the operation of the same laws; laws far reaching and infinitely beneficent and wise. Immeasurably does this study broaden our conception of the great first cause, who still, no less than in the Mosaic legend,

"Bears in his hands the shears of destiny
And has commandment on the pulse of life,"

but who yet in the gray dawn of time formulated and set in operation those laws which are for our study and delight; under which, through ages un-

numbered, without break or jar, universes and worlds are made, suns and planets roll their appointed round:

"Comets presaging change of times and states
Brandish their crystal tresses in the air."

life in endless form and variety is organized: nations and societies rise and flourish and decay; and which marshal before us in stately panorama, yet ever working toward the higher good, darkness and light, commerce and war, and art and love and song, and all the activities of life crowned at last by restful death, and then

"Other heights in other lives, God willing."

To recapitulate: the course of study which would seem to me to be demanded to-day of our colleges as a liberal education is the English language and general literature, science and philosophy. This should be the broad foundation adapted for every species of special subsequent training. It would not only be best for students contemplating a life of active business, but for the learned professions as well. The lawyer in the delicate and multifarious interests entrusted to his care, finds use for every form of knowledge and especially for all modern discoveries in science and mechanics, which must be understood that he may fitly apply to changed conditions of affairs the established rules of law. And especially for clergymen is needed a thorough knowledge of modern scientific thought to give them an often much-needed boldness in the utterance of their message. Many of us can remember how thirty years ago the presence in the Trenton limestone of a trilobite more than 6,000 years old, was expected to dethrone the Most High and overturn His kingdom; and even yet are found the successors of these timid souls, who see in the bathybius of Haeckel, or in protoplasm the rival of the King of kings: who speak of the conflict of religion and science. With wider knowledge they would know that the designer and maker of all, in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning, who is the source and fountain of all truth, can utter but a single voice; that there is but one kind of truth, and whether it be revealed through prophets or rock strata, through Bibles or stars or suns, is still ever harmonious with itself, like the varied chords of some majestic anthem: that all things great and small alike are within the scope and purview of his wondrous laws.

"Does any ocean roll so vast that he
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea?"

When we are invited to an entertainment, we take what we find; and if any one should bid the master of the house set fish or tarts before him, he would be thought absurd. Yet in the world we ask the gods for what they do not give us; and that, though there are so many things which they have given us.—*Epictetus*.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind.—*Shakspeare*.

Notes from the Field.

GLASGOW.—Rev. John Page Hopps has been lecturing here on "Thoughts by the Way in America." An exchange speaks of it as "Racy, graphic and humorous."

BELFAST, IRELAND.—A brilliant celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the completion of the First Presbyterian (Unitarian) congregation, at which fifteen hundred people were present, and Dr. Putnam from America spoke, was held at Belfast on the 20th ult. The scholarly Alexander Gordon, pastor of the parish, presided. A beautiful old structure, still imposing in its strength, is that building. Busy Belfast is quite the American town in Ireland, and we wish our Americans would learn to build churches with such sober dignity of architecture as this that has stood for a hundred years. The memory of its restful interior links this festival in our mind with our own wonderful day in Belfast a year ago.

ENGLISH SECURITY.—Poor England is afraid of a hole under the Channel, for fear Europe will crawl through it some night and capture the island. The dignity with which General Lord Wolesley reports against the tunnel for military reasons, would be very funny, were it not so very sad. Poor England will not dare open a highway to international commerce and international civilizations, because the garrison at Dover will have to be "strengthened to fourteen thousand men, even in time of peace." So says the general and it seems as if the joint committee of both houses of Parliament were about to endorse the insular pettiness and report against the terror. And yet this is the land that Canon Farrar calls "The most Christian country in the world!"

WOMEN AT THE BAR.—Judge Tuley, presiding at a meeting of the Chicago bar, called on the occasion of the lamented death of Mary Fredrika Perry, gave gracious expression to the possibility and the desirability of women entering the legal profession. He says:

Liberal ideas and sentiments have made progress within the last decade, and in no direction greater than as to the right of a woman to earn her own living in whatever way her physical and mental abilities will enable her. The legal profession was among the first of the learned professions to welcome women to its ranks.

Speaking of Miss Perry's influence in the court, he said:

I became satisfied that the influence of women would be highly beneficial in preserving and sustaining that high standard of professional courtesy which should always exist among the members of our profession.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.—Carl Schurz in the *Evening Post*, as we find him quoted in the *Iowa Tribune*, makes the following striking contrast. It renders comment unnecessary:

Vineland, N. J., has twelve thousand inhabitants, and Yonkers, N. Y., about fifteen thousand. Vineland has no saloons or drinking places; Yonkers has two hundred and fifteen licensed and unlicensed dram-shops. Vineland spends for police force, one man doing the entire work, seventy-five dollars; while it takes thirty-seven thousand dollars in Yonkers to keep the city's peace. Vineland has no police court, and needs none. Yonkers supports one at the cost of four thousand eight hundred dollars. Vineland's poor cost the city four hundred dollars; the pauper bill of Yonkers is fifteen thousand dollars and more. The cost of the government in the city of Yonkers with its one saloon to every seventy-five people, is NINETY times as great as the expense of the government of Vineland with no licenses and no dram-shops.

The Study Table.

All books noticed in this department, as well as new and standard books of every description, may be obtained by addressing The Colegrove Book Co., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUT OF THE STREETS. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: The Sunday-school Association. 1883. pp. 107. Price 2 shillings.

THE STORY OF IDA. By Francesca. Edited, with Preface, by John Ruskin, D.C.L. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1883. pp. 84. Price 75 cents.

LITERARY NOTES.

Moses King, the enterprising publisher at Cambridge, is soon to present a volume containing outlines of the Concord lectures of last year. It will include fifty different essays and poems including full account of the "Emerson Day." But a limited edition is to be published and it is not to be stereotyped. Cloth, \$1.75; paper \$1.25.—P. W. Claydon of London has completed a biography of Samuel Sharp, the Egyptologist. It is said to contain interesting matter concerning other noted names in literature.

ESSAYS OF GEORGE ELIOT. Collected by Nathan Sheppard. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1883. pp., 288. Price 25 cts.

These essays of George Eliot's earlier literary period, published anonymously at first in the *Westminster Review*, are now collected for the first time, in compliance with a wish, which has been very generally expressed ever since the author's death and especially since the publication of the recent biography in the "Famous Women" series by Mathilde Blind. One would not suppose these to be "first steps" even of such a genius as George Eliot, for the style is as epigrammatic and finished, the analysis as penetrating and the liberalism as impersonal as in her fictions. The introduction written by Prof. Sheppard, himself a leading authority in critical analysis, attracted considerable attention at the time it appeared as a magazine article and probably no single paper could have been found which would serve better as an introduction to these essays.

Perhaps the essay from which, in the short time since this book appeared, most paragraphs have been quoted and scattered here and there by the daily papers, is the one entitled "Women in France: Madame de Sable." This inquiry into the causes of the manifestation and development of womanly intellect in France during the seventeenth century is one of the wonderfully fine bits of analysis, to which we have long been accustomed in the writings of George Eliot, but which it would be difficult to match in any of the more elaborate and detailed accounts of this period, with which we are acquainted. Madame de Sable presents herself to us as no unusual type of those times. Indeed her name is half forgotten among those of the many beautiful and gifted women, who then graced the salons in France. She was a woman "extreme in nothing, but sympathetic in all things; who affects us by no special quality but by her entire being;" not a genius, not a heroine, but who was "not the less graceful, delicate and feminine because she could follow a train of reasoning or interest herself in a question of science."

Of course one finds this insight into causes and motives through the entire book. What glorious sarcasm in her arraignment of the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.! What perfection of delicate irony in her paper on "Silly Novels by

Lady Novelists." True, these novels of which she writes have long since faded into the oblivion to which she consigned them, but the plots seem surprisingly familiar and the only conclusion seems to be that the species still exists and that the "Mind and Millinery" school is not yet a thing of the past.

Another paper, which attracts especial attention at this time, is the one in which she writes of Heinrich Heine, whom she judges with fine discrimination, and with a noble appreciation, which at the time this was written was not universally accorded him but which has since been recognized as the rightful tribute to his genius. He was, she says, "no echo but a real voice and therefore, like all genuine things in this world, worth studying; a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art—who sheds his sunny smile on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and—in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false—a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow men." Few would now care to dispute or criticize this estimate of Heine but might not these words apply almost equally well to the gifted woman who wrote them? True, George Eliot cannot be called a "surpassing lyric poet"—and it was this lyric power of Heine wherein, as it seems to us, rests his most enduring fame—but the rest is all true of her. Perhaps too it may be as well to confess here that it has always been one of the mysteries of literature to us, why George Eliot, on the strength of her "Spanish Gypsy" and some of her shorter dramas and poems, has not ranked higher as a poet than is really the case.

No mention has been made of "Worldliness and Other Worldliness", which is one of her very best essays, and which, besides a witty study of the life and writings of the poet Young, contains a comparison between Young and Cowper.

E. E. M.

JESUS: HIS OPINIONS AND CHARACTER. The New Testament Studies of a Layman. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston. 1883. \$1.50.

This book is better described by its second title than by the first. Taken as a Life of Jesus it appears at a disadvantage. This, not because it would not bear comparison with many a famous work, but simply because the reading world is tired of "Lives" of the founder of Christianity. The work before us is an exhaustive, judicial and scientific study of the New Testament, especially the Gospels, with particular reference to Jesus. The openness of mind, and freedom from bias and theory, with which this lay student approaches his subject make the book especially valuable. It would hardly be possible for a minister of the gospel to bring to the task of writing a life of Jesus so free and candid a mind.

The method of his study, as explained in the preface, is lawyer-like, and, of course, not satisfactory to a clergyman. He calls up the four Gospels as witnesses: and then bids John stand aside for contradicting the other three. Then he takes the depositions of the Synoptists concerning all that Jesus said and did. When they drop into wonder-stories he listens

critically, not unsympathetically either, asks them to be careful, and repeat the story just as it all occurred, that they may confirm each other, but in the end finds the testimony mostly contradictory and so the supernatural element is altogether eliminated. And it must be confesssd that at the end of this sifting process not much is left of the Jesus of the Gospels. But in the chapter upon the Influence of Paul and John, concluding the book, our author clearly shows that there must have been a Jesus greater than the evangelists saw or were able to describe, who, though not by any means the only factor in the origin of Christianity, was, nevertheless, an essential factor.

The literary style of the book is good, the language clear and vigorous, forcible and often eloquent. It is difficult to predict with certainty the future of a book, but if the world is ready for this "Study" it will fill an important place. In its way it is the very newest Life of Jesus, more modern, more truly scientific than anything that has preceded it. While the younger generations of Unitarian ministers will not dispute many of this author's positions and conclusions they will not feel that the book adds anything to their storeof knowledge. The older ministers will probably regret that the writer did not take a course in the Divinity School before attempting so great a task. But among laymen, for whom doubtless it was written, it ought to be interesting and widely read. And it will do good wherever it is read.

D. N. U.

RIVERSIDE EDITION OF HAWTHORNE. Vols. IX and X. French and Italian Notebooks. American Notebooks. With Introductory Notes by G. P. Lathrop. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

These two volumes continue the series of twelve which make up the new edition of Hawthorne, before noticed in these columns, and which has already commended itself so favorably to the reading public. In the American Notes we have a reproduction of the work originally intended by its compiler, the wife of the illustrious author, to serve in the place of the biography, which Hawthorne had expressed the wish might never be written. These notes are described by the present editor as mere "repositories of the most informal kind, for such fragments of observation and reflection as the writer chose to commit to them for his own purposes; as the result too of an early-formed taste for exercising his pen upon the simplest objects of notice that surrounded him." The French and Italian Notebooks are made up of desultory reflections on the scenes and incidents witnessed during the author's sojourn in foreign lands, where he looked at those objects of world-renowned and historic interest scattered throughout Europe, always with his own eyes, admiring and sympathetic, yet discriminating. These Notebooks end the series of Hawthorne's journals, and were first published in '71, shortly after the death of Mrs. Hawthorne, who arranged and edited them.

C. P. W.

THE MAINSPRING OF THE WEEK.—A lady esteemed for her piety and benevolence makes it a matter of habit, we might almost say of duty, to wind all her clocks on Sunday morning. They get an impulse that day which lasts them all the week. There is a moral application of this simple fact which we hasten to make. Sunday is a good day to appeal to the mainsprings of character, to get a new moral impulse,—in oihor words, to get wound up for the week. It is the minister's duty to wind up the congregation; and it is well for him to remember that he cannot wind up his congregation when he is run down himself.—*The Christian Register.*

Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

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It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to help mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all who have the privilege of training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

OF THE CHILDREN, TO THE CHILDREN.

Probably very many of you know something about "The Fresh Air Society," or "Children's Week Association." These with many other companies of friendly people under different associated names or under none at all, make it their work for awhile during the summer months, to find homes in the country where a city child who is sick and poor may go and stay a week or two, and take her fill of the fresh air, broad fields, and green hills which perhaps she has never seen before. Yes, and take her fill, too, of a kind of blessedness in country life which only those who have been long without it can fully appreciate,—the wonderful soothing and healing that lies in the broad open space, the peaceful quiet, and the silent, steady growth of everything around.

You who have always had these things can hardly think how much good it does to the pale and pinched little creatures that are shut up in city tenement houses all through the hot weather, if they can be sent for even a week to live your free out-of-door life. Free, it would seem to them in comparison to theirs, even if they had to hoe corn and potatoes, or pick peas and milk cows every day, as perhaps some of you who will read this are doing this very minute.

"Pathetic stories," says one of our exchanges, "are told of the surprise of some of these poor little creatures, who had never been out of the crowded alleys and courts where they were born, at their first sight of the woods and farms.

"Oh, look!" one cried; "there's apples on trees!"

"She had never seen them except in trays at provision shops.

"Another child stared delightedly at the grasshoppers jumping through the hot meadows. 'Are they rabbits?' she said.

"Another followed the farmer as he went out for vegetables for dinner, and came back excited to her companions.

"He dug the pertaters out of the ground and didn't pay a cent!"

They knew as little where the things they ate came from, as a certain little city girl we heard of lately who went to make a short stay on a farm. It was noticed she would not touch a bit of milk to drink, although she was very fond of it at home, where they took it from a city milkman. Upon

being asked the reason, it was found she had seen them milking, and her reply was, "I wasn't going to drink that milk. Why, he just squeezed it out of a cow!"

If any of you who read this know of some country home where the people would be willing to take some little child for a week or two this summer, please send us word and we will see that the name and place are given to those who have this matter in hand.

WIDE-AWAKE AND FAST-ASLEEP.

A bright summer day came out of the East,

And a bright little lad was he:

His lips were red from a strawberry feast,

And his eyes were blue as the sea.

His yellow hair was blown by the breeze,

Like grass in a windy place;

He had torn his jacket in climbing trees,

And he laughed all over his face.

He danced in the elm, on the leafy spray

Where the nest of the blue-bird swings,
Till the birdies had winked the sleep away

All under their painted wings,

He shook the stem of the lilies tall,

While they nodded in high surprise,

And rubbed with their fingers white and small,

The dream from their golden eyes.

The daisy hurried to wash her face

In a drop of the silver dew,

And every leaf in its lofty place

The kiss of the sunshine knew.

The squirrel chattered and combed his tail,

That curls up over his spine,

And each red-clover turned almost pale

When the village clock struck nine.

For two little boys, in two little beds,

Lay sleeping the morning long,

Though the sun shone in on their tangled heads,

And the birds had ended their song.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the summer day,

"What sleepy small boys I see!

I wish, I wish they would wake and play

With a bright little day like me."

—*The Independent.*

A WITTY GOOD MAN.

Many remarkable persons were actors on this great world-stage at the time that Sydney Smith played his kindly and sparkling role. Napoleon was making the kings of Europe tremble on their thrones. Lord Byron was acting the part of the splendid, but undisciplined and unhappy poet. Madame de Staél was writing her famous books. Sir Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North," was weaving his spells about his countrymen in the three kingdoms, and even bewitching sober Puritans across the sea. While Sydney Smith was on the

stage, our own Dickens (for do we not all claim him?) made his memorable entrance. This is the way Mr. Smith writes to him in reply to an invitation to dinner:

MY DEAR DICKENS:—I accept your invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, I will repudiate you and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two.

This letter was written in 1842, when Dickens was a young man, and Sidney Smith was over seventy years old.

Have you heard of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of the terrible Jeffrey, its editor? What an ogre was Jeffrey! He devoured young authors, and left not so much as a finger-nail for a souvenir to their sorrowful friends. Terrible was the devastation among the writers of that time; and some of the fighting was not very fair, I fear. You will be glad to know that poets and novelists and essayists, who were cut all to pieces by the terrible *Review*, sometimes survived the mutilation, and became famous afterwards. The people accepted and cherished what the critics said was good for nothing.

The Rev. Sidney Smith was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was a very intimate friend of its editor. Mr. Smith was the idol of a great circle of friends, both in Edinburgh and London. No literary gathering was complete without him; and the greatest of the leaders of fashion left no means untried to win him to their dinners and receptions. He was as deeply loved for his goodness, as he was widely admired for his wit. That is to say, he was genuine as he was brilliant. He was a poor man nearly all his life, and was obliged to think a good many times about the best way to spend his pounds, shillings and pence.

He was the rector of a little country church through all of his best days, and devoted his splendid powers to the consolation of his few poor parishioners; to the happiness of his wife and children; to his garden and his domestic animals.

His daughter says of him: "With him poverty took its most pleasing form,—it was the poverty of a man of sense who respected himself. The comfort and happiness of home he considered the 'grammar of life.' Nothing could be plainer than his table; yet his society often attracted the wealthy to share his single dish."

Again she says: "He was very fond of children. He encouraged their ceaseless questions. He loved to discuss with us, met us as his equals; and I look back with wonder at his patient refutation of our crude and foolish opinions."

Mr. Smith spared no pains to make himself useful in his parish. He studied medicine, and ministered to bodies as well as souls. He was inventor, philosopher, physician, and friend. He found out remedies for smoking chimneys; taught the poor how to cultivate their land; how to furnish their table with the cheapest and most healthful diet. It was Sidney Smith who invented the Universal Scratcher,—"a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb."

Here is a specimen of his fun at home. The children had a beloved donkey called Bitty. One day they had crowned him with flowers, and bridled him with a pocket-handkerchief, and were running about the garden, when Mr. Jeffrey, the great *Edinburgh Review* editor, arrived. Finding Mr. Smith out, he mounted the donkey, to the immense delight of the young folks.

"He was proceeding in triumph," says the daughter, "amid our shouts of laughter, when my father suddenly came upon the scene, and with extended hands broke forth in the following impromptu:—

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass!"

I will close this little sketch by quoting a letter from Mr. Smith to his grandchild. The little one had sent to her famous grandpapa a letter "overweight," and this was the reply:—

Oh, you little wretch! your letter cost me fourpence. I will pull all the plums out of your pudding; I will undress your dolls, and steal their under petticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of your eyes; when nobody else whips you I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugar plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees.

Your loving grandfather,

SYDNEY SMITH.

—*Dayspring.*

A MUSIC-LOVING SQUIRREL.

You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth and whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels to come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—*St. Nicholas.*

Conferences.

DEAR UNITY: For several years we in Iowa have made a point of winding up the season's work with our blended *yearly meeting and conference*, arranging it to include the first Sunday in July, thus giving a hearty god-speed to our tired workers, as they scatter in search of summer rest. A Conference in the West is not at all like its New England prototype. The very nature of the situation precludes the possibility of a gathering of several hundreds, who come and go in a day, making it not only the occasion of conferring together, but a sort of religious gala-day. We can never hope to bring together more than eight or ten ministers, who come at their own expense, from one to five hundred miles away. A score or two of earnest lay men and women, who love the cause sufficiently to take the long trip involved, are all that we dare expect. We meet not for a day, but for three, and sometimes four, days of blended business sessions, earnest discussions of ways and means, hopes and fears, and last, but not least, a season of fellowship and spiritual uplifting. Often it chances that some of our number have not seen the face or grasped the hand of a fellow worker since their last Conference. A whole year of lonely work! What wonder that our Eastern visitors at the Chicago Conference detected a certain *lack of gaiety and lightheartedness*?

The immensity of the West, the grandeur of its problems and possibilities infuses a certain seriousness in the air of the prairies. We go to New England in search of buoyancy. What wonder then that these isolated toilers who undertake to keep their spiritual lamps aflame, so far apart that they cannot catch the warmth and cheer of a brother's halloo, grow very earnest, and fill up their Conferences with grave problems!

This time our Conference was at Keokuk, in the extreme southeastern corner of our state. And we enjoyed the hospitality of the oldest Unitarian Society in Iowa—founded thirty years ago, by our good Brother Whitney. We found a beautiful and inviting church, radiant with flowers and sunshine, and a hearty, and even elegant hospitality. But very few remain of those whose love and devotion built that church. But their place is taken by a new generation, who are daily demonstrating that they also find Unitarianism worth working for.

We had a good conference there, not large, but very earnest and practical. We came away from it with renewed courage and enlarged hope, feeling more certain than ever before, that Unitarianism is charged with a divine commission to this faithless and materialistic age—a message so deeply needed, that no sacrifice or effort should be considered too great, if only it be faithfully delivered.

There were, as usual, some failures on our programme. We missed the earnest tones of Missionary Powell, who for ten days previous had been struggling to reach his appointments by wading, sometimes waist-deep, through the smaller streams of Kansas and Nebraska. He found himself too thoroughly drenched and limp to come four hundred miles further to meet us. We missed the devout presence of Mr. Blake, who has for years been considered an indispensable factor in an Iowa Conference. But Mr. Batchelor did double duty, and henceforth we shall claim him as one of our necessities. Besides him, we had Secretary Jones, and he carries a full-grown conference with him, wherever he goes; and Clute, and Judy, and Hunting, and Miss Safford, and Abbott from St. Joseph, Mo., and W. R. Cole, besides Messrs Elder and Hassal who were on the ground. We had an earnest and helpful lay delegation from Quincy, Ill., another from Mt. Pleasant, and another from Richland. We had sermons from Batchelor, Jones, Abbott, and Miss Safford; an instructive and inspiring paper on "Unitarian Sunday-schools" from Mrs. Parker of Quincy, Ill.; one from Judy on "Theism," so clear and direct that even his lay listeners followed his thought with pleasure and delight. In Mr. Blake's absence, Mr. Batchelor gave us "the extra cartridge" he chanced to have in his valise, with the explanation that if it should not suit

that western gathering, we must remember it was first fired at a Massachusetts audience. As we followed the strong and resonant thought concerning Balance in Religion—in such perfect accord with our deepest faith in the permanency of "religion as the leader and guide of life," we forgot all geographical lines of east and west, and still more those less palpable boundaries between Conservative and Radical, as we caught a foregleam of that deeper interpretation of our denominational name that is being slowly wrought out by a strong, though silent, undertow, not yet apparent to the ordinary observer, but deeply felt by sensitive souls both east and west.

Besides the discussions drawn out by the papers and the secretary's report, and our new lever, the Post Office Mission, we had special discussions that were eminently practical, on "Business and Social Church Polity," and "Missionary Work," led respectively by Messrs. Hunting and Cole. Both touched the very foundations of all our future life and growth, and we had some hours of healthful wrestling with that everlasting problem—the at-one-ment of the Real with the Ideal. The secretary had made an unusually earnest call for workers, of the ideal pattern.

The problem was how to adjust the actual men and women who are available, who would doubtless need some stretching or clipping to fit the pattern, to the work that lies all around us, to the work that *must and will be done*. We took the problem home with us. If, some night, some one of us should dream it out, we will make haste to give you the glad solution.

Among the encouraging reports from the churches—Keokuk, Davenport, Iowa City, Des Moines, Creston, Humboldt, that which called for most grateful recognition was the long forward stride made during the year by the church at Des Moines, in the erection of their new and attractive place of worship. On the strength of the pledge of the National Conference, and the smaller one of the State Association, the lacking funds were borrowed and the completed church was dedicated in December last.

The result told its own story, to those of us who had been behind the scenes, of the enthusiasm, the indomitable zeal and business push, and the rare capacity for self-forgetfulness on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Hunting. To make this centre of light at Des Moines an abiding fact has been the special work of the Association for the six years of its existence. We had pledged \$500 toward this church home. Previous to the Conference but \$100 of this had been paid. Friday evening, after Mr. Jones' sermon, the usual collection and subscription was taken, and \$230 of the amount raised, A. L. Connable, one of the few remaining founders of the Keokuk society, putting in a crisp one hundred dollar bill. The amount has since been increased to over \$300, with measures on foot which we hope will result, not only in completing our pledge to Des Moines, but in giving us the much-needed back-ground of money for most important work that demands our attention.

The old officers were all re-elected without change, save that of Arthur M. Judy on the Board of Trustees in place of L. S. Cofflin. The list stands as follows:

Rev. O. Clute, President.	Judge G. W. McCrary, Vice President.
Mrs. C. T. Cole, Secretary.	W. R. Cole, Treasurer.

TRUSTEES.

O. Clute,	W. R. Cole,
S. S. Hunting,	Joel P. Davis,
E. S. Elder,	Arthur M. Judy.

Concerning our plans for the future, we can tell you with better grace, when they have blossomed out into action. We have had our disappointments, and our humiliations, and there are doubtless others in store for us, but we are not disheartened. The little Iowa band, to-day, stand shoulder to shoulder, and while they diligently do what their hands find to do, they confidently and unitedly look for the *new dispensation*, which shall usher in, not a return to the worship of *man* and *book*, the decrease of which Dr. Putnam has been so loudly lamenting, but to that deeper worship of God involved in the glad recognition of the grandeur of the human soul, in the unity of the universe, in that abiding incarnation which Jesus spent himself in trying to reveal.

We are waiting, and working while we wait, for that union of the human and divine, which our Unitarian fathers dimly saw, but which is yet to be revealed in the fullness of its splendor and its blessing, for that re-creation of Religion which shall make it indeed—"one with science, with beauty and with joy."

C. T. COLE, Secretary.

The Exchange Table.

IN THE BELFRY OF THE NIEUWE KIRK. (Amsterdam.)

Not a breath in the stifled, dingy street!
On the Stadhuis tiles the sun's strong glow
Lies like a kind of golden snow.
In the square, one almost sees the heat.
The mottled tulips, over there
By the open casement, pant for air.
Grave, portly burghers, with their vrouws,
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.

But high in the fretted steeple, where
The sudden chimes burst forth and scare
The lazy rooks from the belfry beam,
And the ring-doves as they coo and dream
On flying buttress or carven rose—
Up here, *mein Gott!* a tempest blows!—
Such a wind as bends the forest tree.

Plain, simple folk, who come and go
On humble levels of life below,
Little dream of the gales that smite
Mortals dwelling upon the height!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *Harper's* for April.

"IT'S CIRCUS MUSIC."—"The 'broom drill' is increasing in popularity as a means of raising money for churches and Sunday-schools. The sight of a company of pretty girls handling brooms after the manner in which the militia handle muskets is one calculated to bring forth rapturous applause from spectators. Yet on a recent evening, in a fashionable Methodist church in this city, the trustees were filled with holy indignation when the delighted spectators of a broom drill raised a cloud of dust from the pew carpets by thumping their boot heels thereon. One trustee told the applauders to desist, and reminded them that they were not in a circus, but in the house of God. The incident calls to mind the case of the four-year-old youngster who, on being taken to church for the first time, began to clap his hands and stamp his feet in approval of the organ voluntary. His mother told him not to do that, for that was the way he had seen boys do at the circus, and that this was not the circus, but the church. The youngster replied, 'Well, ma, I don't care: it's circus music, anyhow.' If those who provide church entertainment are satisfied to introduce into their sanctuaries such worldly shows as 'broom drills,' they should not be dissatisfied if the people who have paid to see the fun are pleased to applaud in a worldly manner."—*New York Sun*.

"But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart."

The Longfellow Memorial Association held its annual meeting at Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday evening, and re-elected James Russell Lowell as President. Among the Vice-Presidents are O. W. Holmes, C. W. Eliot, and J. G.

Whittier. The total receipts have been \$7000. The association was formed for the purpose of buying from Mr. Longfellow's estate a plot of land in front of the poet's house which he had purchased that he might have an unobstructed view of the River Charles. A letter was read at the meeting from Mr. Ernest W. Longfellow in which he and his sisters offer to convey to the Association the strip of land required, which is to be laid out as a court, with a grass-plat in the middle and a statue at the farther end facing the river, and the lower end as a garden. A resolution accepting the offer was adopted.—*The Critic*.

Announcements.

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